RIYL

MID-NITE	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
2 AM	PROGRESSIVE NEW MUSIC	PROGRESSIVE NEW MUSIC					
4 AM							
6 AM							
8 AM		JAZZ IN THE MORNING					PROGRESSIVE NEW MUSIC
10 AM			BREAKFAST FOR BEATLOVERS				SPORTS SHOW
NOON							AS HEARD FROM THE HILL
2 PM	DODODODO	PROGRESSIVE NEW MUSIC					LITTLE RED RADIO
4 PM	ACROSS THE POND						POP ROCKS
6 PM	JAM SANDWICH	SPORTS SHOW	PROGRESSIVE NEW MUSIC	SPORTS SHOW AS HEARD FROM THE HILL	PROGRESSIVE NEW MUSIC	BROADWAY KS. IN HEAT	FOLK YOURSELF
8 PM		GOOD EVENING		ALT. FLASHBACK	HEADSPACE	SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK	PLOW THE FIELDS
10 PM	MALICIOUS INTENT	SPARE REELS		COSMIC EMPORIUM	BOUNCE	FRIDAY NIGHT NOISE	RUDE BOYS REVIVAL
		CLUB SODA					THE RIO DEAL
							HIP HOP HYPE

KJHK 90.7 FM ☆ KJHK.ORG

→ Z i i i

RIYL (noun): 1) KJHK's zine featuring music reviews, essays, and other things that make our hearts go pitter-patter; 2) RIYL = "Recommended If You Like", i.e. a means for people to suggest new music to each other based on preexisting music tastes. Yay!

Radio Free Lawrence
by Ian Hrabe 1
Schedule 2
Tales from 14 Hours in Radio
by Cara McConnell 4
Can You Read Me?
by Andy Green 8
Officially Out of Hand
by Nick Spacek 9
Heartaches
by Ian Hrabe 11
The Inquiry
by Danielle King 13
Summer Music Reviews
by The Music Staff 16
Music Charts 20
Beach 'n' Boulevard Recap 21

comic

BY IAN HRABE

RADIO FREE LAWRENCE
IT'S FUNNY, THE WEEK THAT KJHK IS OFF THE AIR, I FIND MYSELF TRAPPED IN A CAR WITH NO CD PLAYER
DOES THE TAPE PLAYER WORK?
No. SEE WHAT'S ON THE RADIO.
SO WE LISTENED TO 96.5 AND IT MADE ME WANT TO SMASH MY HEAD AGAINST A ROCK.
OH MY GOD! CHRIS MAKE IT STOP! OH MY GOD THIS NEEDS TO DIE!!!
DANCE DANCE WE'RE FALLING APART
AT THAT MOMENT, I REALIZED HOW IMPORTANT KJHK REALLY IS, AND FOR EVERY SECOND THAT IT IS OFF THE AIR, LAWRENCE RUNS THE RISK OF BEING COMPLETELY CORRUPTED BY CLEAR CHANNEL AND COMMERCIAL TOP 40 RADIO.
I MISS KJ.
YEAH.
YOU'VE GOTTA PROMISE ME SOMETHING MAN...
WHAT'S THAT?
IF I EVER WORK FOR 96.5 OR SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO KILL ME
UH...OK?
PREFERABLY WITH A BIG ROCK.

Special programs

Sundays

Dododo 2-4pm
It's a radio program dedicated to the Japanese Music Scene, hosted by DJ Wasabi. Everything from the past and present is covered, spanning various Japanese music scenes and styles, including interviews with Japanese bands currently touring the States. It's Dododo, your one and only destination for Japanese music! There is also a blog at nihonradio.blogspot.com.

Across the Pond 4-6pm
The Best In British and Irish music from the '60's to the Present hosted by Will Dawson.

Jam Sandwich 6-9pm
Embodies music that takes on an improvisational rock style. We really end up drawing from rock, blues, metal, jam, bluegrass and whatever else blows us away! Hosted by Andrew Linndemann and Alex Kane.

Malicious Intent 9pm-Midnight
The only show to take you through hell and back again. Explore and endure death metal, grindcore, thrash and black metal with your host Colin Pate.

Mondays

Good Evening 7-8pm
Good Evening is the KAB award winning talk show featuring hosts George McGovern and Richard Dickens. Now into its second season, Good Evening features live guest, musical performances, and the new episodic adventures of George McGovern and Richard Dickens': Bon Voyage.

Spare Reels 8-10pm
Spare Reels digs up all those tasty sonic treats hidden in the attic and puts them on, you guessed it, the radio. We dust off the cellos and violas and give them a new sports-car-shine as they run amuck in film scores, musicals and otherwise orchestrated pop music. Hosted by Andrew Frederick.

Club Soda 10pm-Midnight
How would you like to go clubbing? Of course we would all love to, but some of us don't have money to pay for that ridiculous cover charge. Well, now you can save your money by tuning into Club Soda, luxuriously brewed up by your one and only, DJ Chef Nguyen. A new flavor is presented each week to suit that VIP taste in everyone.

Wednesdays

Alternative Flashback 8-10pm
The classics of indie rock, punk, post punk, jangle pop, twee pop, basically anything important from the late 70s to the mid 90s. Two hours of what KJHK was founded on hosted by Andy Green.

Cosmic Emporium 10pm-Midnight
Get ROCKED to sleep with DJ Doyle every week.

Thursdays

Headspace 8-10pm
IDM, post-rock, dub and experimental music by any other name. Intelligent music for intelligent people. Hosted by Peter Lyrene.

((bounce)) 10pm-Midnight
A bonanza of ska, soul, funk and dance music from around the world, with captions. The labor of crack scientists, billions of dollars and years of research comes to bear as you witness the largest collision of flavors the world has ever seen, accelerated to

Fridays

The Great White Way 6-7pm
Covers Broadway shows of the past and present with themed weeks focusing on specific performers, genres, time periods, etc. A mixture of talk and music with Elise Stawarz.

Kansas In Heat 7-8pm
A radio talk show that discusses issues related to sex and romantic relationships. Two KU Ph.D students answer questions and field comments with the goal to increase the health of the listeners current/prospective romantic relationships and sex life.

Sunglasses After Dark 8-10pm
Rock out to the music that made generations of parents nervous; the music that only allowed Elvis filmed from the waist up. Spinning rockabilly, punk rock, screamin' garage and anything else scandalous enough for your Friday night. Hosted by Nick Spacek.

Friday Night Noise 10pm-Midnight
Two hours of experimental rock, encompassing genres such as psychedelic rock, krautrock, prog rock, no wave, drone, post rock and (as the show title implies) noise rock. The intent of the show is not only to provide a trippy soundtrack for friday nights, but also to present inaccessible or "difficult" music in an introductory manner that makes it sound intriguing and accessible even for casual listeners. Hosted by Ben Barthell.

ALSO CHECK OUT:
- SPORTS SHOW Mon & Wed 6-7pm & Sat 8-9 am
- AS HEARD FROM THE HILL KJHK'S NEWSMAGAZINE Wed 7-8pm & replay on Sat 9-10am

Saturdays

Little Red Radio 10am-Noon
Music and fun for KIDS OF ALL AGES! Old or new, silly or sappy, if it makes you smile, you'll hear it on Little Red Radio with your host Annie Harrigan.

Pop Rocks! Noon to 2pm
Notes from the International Pop Underground. Say no to being cool, say yes to being happy! Hosted by Ian Hrabe.

Folk Yourself 2-4pm
Experience every subgenre of folk with Alex Herron.

Plow the Fields 4-6pm
A taste of everything Lawrence and regional areas have to offer in the way of good music. Hosted by Dane Wallace.

Rude Boys' Revival 6-8pm
Rude Boys' Revival is a celebration of anything and everything ska - from 2 Tone to Third Wave and beyond. It's reggae, dub, American ska, British ska, world ska, new ska, 90s ska and, of course, plenty of the classics. From the Specials to the Toasters, from Toots and the Maytals to Operation Ivy, the Revival will make you smile, make you think and - most importantly - make you dance. Tune in and skank out with Alexandra Garry.

The Rio Deal 8-10pm
This show explores the sounds of Brazil and the Tropicalia movement. Experience sounds from below the equator with Leigh Nelson

Hip Hop Hyp 10pm-Midnight
Danny Spence brings you everything you want to hear new to old, classic to local hip hop.

Tales from 14 HOURS in RADIO

BY CARA McCONNELL

It all started when I got a call from Kyra Sims saying that yes, she'd love it if I covered the second half of her shift. She'd been up all night writing a paper for Music History and could use the extra sleep that not DJing from 6-8 would afford her, and since my slot was right after hers, I figured why not. It was either that, or continue to sit outside of Wheatfields reading essays and inhaling Rachel's secondhand smoke, like usual. DJing sound great to me.

I rode back to the house and picked up the gear: one laptop, inside brown 70s briefcase; one 150 gig external hard drive (quickly becoming severely inadequate); one power cord; one iPod; one notebook, usually filled with half-formed sets and notes like "GREEN HORNET – VOICEOVER," but today, only two long lists dividing my collection of 90s music into "rock" and "pop/dance;" and two reheated frozen tamales, just in case.

I decided for the first two hours I'd just do a little bit of the usual Cara rotation: Jens Lekman, M.I.A, Air (a lot of calls asking what I was playing, which meant extra rounds of butchering the pronunciation of "La Femme D'Argent.") I hit my stride when I told the story of being serenaded when I was 16 by a boy singing The Mountain Goats' "The Best Ever Death Metal Band." "It's sort of a weird song to be serenaded with, especially towards the end. Or, really, towards all of it. You'll see."

Finally, with 8 o'clock approaching, I wrapped up with The Breeder's "Cannonball." "To sort of ease you into the nineties."

And thus, the somewhat long-awaited 90s show began.

And for as much crap as I gave it on-air (and really, it was a constant barrage of "me and my shameful collection of 90s pop" type comments) it was a great show. I had planned to steer it in a heavily pop/dance direction, because I didn't want to sound like an alt. rock station without the overplayed new singles. However, I totally didn't foresee the number of 90s rock requests I'd get during my show. After making a comment about the significant decline in calls after the start of the show, surely because I'd alienated the entire KJHK audience, I started getting tons of calls, both for rock and also of people owning up to loving 90s pop. "I was so happy when you played 'Waterfalls,'" I hadn't heard that song in so long. 90s pop is so much better than what we have today." I couldn't agree more.

And beyond being hysterical music-wise, the show was just fun in general. I got to say the rarely, if ever, heard phrase "Britney Spears, on KJHK Lawrence." At one point I left my mic on after announcing a set, only to discuss with a caller what can and can't be played on the radio. "I'm not sure you can say 'penis' on the radio," I say, right into the on-air mic. The next caller tells me my mike is on. And the next caller calls to tell me that I'm funny as hell. I've never felt this good about DJing

Which is why, when 12 o'clock rolls around and I realize that there's no need to unlock the door because no one's signed up after me, I decide to extend the show. Just a couple of hours more, maybe. Late night on a Wednesday during the summer, it's either that or go home, watch TV on DVD and make ice cream. I might as well keep the station on a little bit longer, since people are still awake, and, the station's been off the air at night for long enough.

So I come back on, inform the audience that there's no one else coming in and make the now slightly infamous claim that I will stay on air "until I start hallucinating." I call for requests of any kind: "I'll play anything, really, anything that I can find and the FCC will allow." What a great mistake of a thing to have said.

Things start off slowly. A little requested Moldy Peaches (you can guess the song), a little requested Shins (off of another very popular soundtrack), a request for a song that goes something like "I go to the mall and everything costs money, money, money" by a guy who says, "Hey, he's hallucinating too".

Meanwhile, another DJ stops by just to check the freeform calendar. "Wanna DJ for a bit?" I ask. "Nah, I'm gonna be back in seven hours." I decide not to mention that I've almost DJed that long.

And then it really begins. A duo I nickname "the serial requesters" start calling in, transforming KJHK into a pretty awesome oldies station. As soon as the guy hangs up, the girl calls and requests something else. After a couple of sets of this they admit that they're actually together listening to the radio while they move, and if it's not bothering me they'll keep calling in requests. And the requests are good: Otis Redding, Steely Dan, Joe Cocker. I'm playing enough oldies that other people start calling in wondering if I'm doing an oldies show, and asking if this is still the girl who did the great 90s show. I'm getting calls from "old radio guys" and people moving out of their apartments listening to my stuff. I get calls from two of the KJHK directors, and each time I hold my breath hoping I haven't played a DNP, only to find out that they're really happy with what I'm doing. "This is what Freeform is all about," Ian Hrabe says.

But I don't have time to chat. As soon as I hang up the phone, the flasher starts going off again, and I have pages of requests.

Eric calls in and I tell him not to even bother requesting because it'll be at least half an hour, and I've already filled a handful of his and Rachel's demands. I'm scribbling down songs in the margins, chatting with listeners, and trying to keep music on the air and my mic off and it's crazy. One guy calls in and lavishes me with compliments ("No, really, you've got a great radio voice. It's really smooth and soothing") and then requests something that "no other DJ has ever played." And that's how I end up playing the Night Rider theme song. Twice.

And then somehow, it was 2:30 in the morning.

The moving serial requesters have signed off for the night, the guy calling in one last time to request the Pixies' "Where is My Mind?" "Can I dedicate it to my partner in crime, Lynn?" He tells me that the only thing left in the house is the radio, which is a great image and the best compliment I could receive. Ian

TALES from 14 HOURS in RADIO

Continued...

starts calling me every half-hour to an hour to gush about how good my show is, how it's the best KJHK's sounded in the three years he's been involved. My show is keeping him and his friend drinking and playing Wii, just so they can keep listening.

It's about then that I decide to start doing single-artist sets, both because I think it's cool to hear samples from across a band's discography as well as because it's a whole lot easier to reshelf CDs when there's a whole chunk of them missing.

Even though I stay up well past three every night, I'm starting to get tired. My voice is beginning to feel a little weird, a slight headache is coming on, and, while shorts and a tank top worked at 6 pm when I started, KHJK is now dark and cold, and so I throw on a song and run out to grab the emergency blanket from my car. Rachel and Eric call in to see if I'm really still going. I start announcing how many hours I've been on the radio every time I go on-air. I play sets of Beck (in honor of his new album), Mirah (new album as well), M.I.A. (retirement), Regina Spektor, White Stripes, T. Rex. A local musician calls in to tell me he's been listening to my sets while he showers. "It got a little dicey when The White Stripes started playing while I was shaving," he says. We start talking about his music, and he gives me the address of his myspace. I ask him if there's anything I should play. "Oh, I don't know, I'm not even prepared. I don't even know what you've got up there." "No, I mean, is there any of your stuff I should play?" And so I do a set off his new album, which Ian and I both agree is really good, kind of Elliott-Smith-y. "Ben's looking for a band," I say over the air, "And, if you're up at 4 am, chances are you're a musician, too, so, you should check out his myspace. And now, I feel like a matchmaker."

Four a.m. is really the make-or-break point. I've now covered an extra shift, and there's four more hours to go. I'm hungry, kind of cold, my throat is kind of sore. I feel constantly on manic alert, like an animal that sleeps with one eye open, or like Hunter S. Thompson on the lookout for bats. And twitchy, enough to where my "smooth" radio voice had a slight chattery stutter to it. But I know that at least Ian's listening, because he and his friend Chris keep calling in, requesting sets of Guided by Voices and cool mellow electronica. I push through.

And then suddenly it's six in the morning. The suns sort of coming up, except that the entire campus is covered in fog so I miss the awesome view from the station of the sunrise at campus. Ian calls to tell me that I have to stop playing good music so that his friend and him can go to bed and get at least a few hours of sleep. Chris tells me I played his "football team" of Mirah, and that he can't go to bed if I'm going to play a set of The Mountain Goats. "Maybe I'll just go to sleep listening to them."

Right at six I play "Rock Around the Clock" because I've very literally rocked around the clock. I start doing things to amuse myself with the promos and PSAs, like playing the Pro Life Club announcement after the Pro Choice one, or playing the Morning, All Day, and All Night rock promos one after the other. At least once an hour I play what I start thinking of as "my" promo, the announcement that talks about how there's never a closed sign on your radio, while people sing "never closed, always open" in the background. It becomes a somewhat sickening mantra.

My back hurts, my eyes hurt, my voice is getting crappier, I'm hiccupping on the air, I'm hungry, and I'm burned out on adrenaline rushes, and yet, KJHK is still totally worth staying up for. During one of the many calls I tell Ian that this is the best reason I've had to pull an all-nighter ever. And even though I sound completely burned out on the air (which, I am told, is quintessential college radio) I really am happy about being there. Doing the 14 hours brought me from being just another DJ on KHJK, and having DJing be just another thing I do at school, to making me feel really a part of KJHK, not just another voice on the radio, but a voice that people identify. A lot of people called in to ask when my show would be this fall, and said that they'd really try to listen to it. But 14 hours did more than just make me feel better about my skills as a DJ, it kind of make me feel better about myself, too, as horribly sappy as that sounds. As you probably know, or can even remember from first meeting me, I'm kind of stand-offish around people I don't know, and having just even casual conversations with people I've just met can be really nerve-wracking for me because I'm really unsure of what to say or how much I should share, or if people will think I'm funny or smart or worth listening to at all. But while I was DJing, I just sort of let go of that. I told stories on the air, I chatted with callers, I felt totally relaxed just speaking, which honestly happens with only pretty close friends. I'm probably making too much of this, since it just happened, but that night will probably be one of the highlights of my college experience.

At 7:50, as I wrap up my show with a set of Of Montreal, I sit drumming my fingers on the counter thinking about what I'll say on-air if the 8 am DJ doesn't show up. "You better rethink not coming in," the radio edit of what I'd say in real life, keeps marqueeing across my mind. And then I hear the door creak open and CDs rapidly being stacked. The booth door is pushed open and he gasps. "You're still here? It's been, what, 12 hours, right?"

"Fourteen," I say, and laugh a crazy, slightly raspy laugh, while I pop my last CD in. He asks if he needs to go on. "Don't worry," I say, "I can play one more song."

ATTN: LOCAL BANDS!!!

Farmer's Ball, KJHK's annual local music competition, is now accepting submissions! Turn in a CD with 2-3 songs to the Student Activities Box office, Level 4 of the KS Union. The Deadline to submit is Oct. 8, 2008 at 5pm. More info can be found at KJHK.org.

CAN YOU READ ME?

I listen to music because it allows me to experience things in a way I can't otherwise. I live vicariously through music because I don't pick up on humanity at a level that most people can. I don't read body language; I often don't pick up on humor. I will talk on and on and not say things. Or I will look at someone like I am going to say something, and just stare instead. This is why I tend to gravitate towards songs of heartbreak because they are completely honest. I get to hear pure human emotion and I don't have to suss it out from alien movements. And if I misinterpret something it's not like the song is going to be mad. It's pure emotion left open to interpretation. So lyrics are one of the ways music helps me.

This is a common situation for me because I have Asperger's. Asperger's is a mild form of autism that restricts social interaction and causes one to have a very narrow, highly obsessive set of interests. This is where music comes in. In addition to allowing me to completely hyper focus on bands, members, record labels, genres, it fits other parts of personality as well. People with Asperger's often have highly developed senses, including hearing. So, personally, music hits me like a drug, but most importantly it allows me to feel less alone.

More than that, it's the experience of seeing a band. It's kind of like when everyone is stuck in an airport during a storm. It doesn't matter if you are first class or flying coach. It doesn't matter if you are flying to a funeral or a wedding. Cause you are all stuck there. Well, when a good performer is on stage and the audience is all in his or her power, it's the same thing. Yeah, that person is wearing cooler jeans, and sure the dude behind me might be stoned, but we are all there in communion of the artist. For those 40 minutes we all belong. All of us. You can't discriminate because we are under a higher power. A concert is one of the few places where I feel completely at ease in my own skin. We all one, and I truly belong. Amen alleluia.

I find that talking to the performer after this often kills this. Because then you are one on one. Talking bad to the recording is fine, but talking to the performer usually just creeps them out. At the very least, it makes them seem like people, not friends. Listening to music assumes that one is friends with the person. We only play music in intimate or friendly sessions anyway, during barbecues or when we are sitting around in our underwear in the morning. Places where only a family member or loved one or friend would ever be with you. Places where we have more formal interactions with people, school, and waiting in line at the bank, even work don't have music. And if they do, it's the kind of music you can't choose and don't want anything to do with anyway.

I understand that when I listen to Bob Dylan sing "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right" he isn't talking to me. I know it's not real human emotion. But the people hearing it on the other end of the radio listening? That's real. And that is what I love about music.

BY ANDY GREEN

OFFICIALLY OUT OF HAND

NICK SPACEK

Record companies: please, please, please stop it with the variants. There's not a day that I visit the Pop Punk Bored (http://bored.knockknockrecords.com) that someone isn't dealing with some form of color variant regarding some record. Color variants, different colors, limited pressings... just fucking stop it, all right?

The extreme end of this phenomenon is courtesy of those fine gents in Less Than Jake. There is currently an auction on eBay for the Ultimate Less Than Jake vinyl collection. The number of color / cover variants is staggering. Six or seven different versions of a single with two or three songs - vinyl colors, alternate covers, different shapes... and this is sort of a prime example as to why I have such a problem with limited edition vinyl: I don't own some of these records. Simple as that. The idea of pressing 500 copies of a record? I understand that. You don't want to press 1,000 and have 600 sitting in your warehouse for five years. That makes sense. But if you press 500, and make 100 on blue, 100 on red, 100 on clear, 100 on black, and 100 on gold, you're going to end up with 100 vinyl geeks who want all five, as opposed to 500 people who just want to own the fucking record.

You press 500 on red and it sells out? Fucking repress it. You want to do another color to differentiate? That makes sense. I can get behind the logic there. What I don't understand is pressing limited amounts, never repressing, and never putting out a singles collection. That seems to me to be a slap in the face to your fans. In this day and age of Internet and eBay and collector scum, there are going to be people who buy records simply to flip them, like folks did with baseball cards and comic books in the '90s. I'd prefer this not to end up like the '90s, with shops and companies going under from this sense of "gotta catch 'em all."

Worst offender of all time goes to Matador Records, and the current Jay Reatard single series. A brilliant summation in an eBay listing by Love Garden's Kelly Corcoran is about as succinct as one can get:

"The story:
Love Garden Sounds (the record store hawking these) has been ordering 15 copies of each of these series of singles. We got 15 of the first and second single, 8 of the third single, and 7 copies of the 4th single. We still might get a few more copies of the 4th single. We only got 5 copies of this single, #5 in a series of 6. ALL Jay Reatard performed songs on the singles will appear on a matador released CD/LP in the near future. Oh, there will be another song on the LP & CD that will NOT be on any the singles.

At this point, the variations have passed reason, but I figure that is one of the points of this exercise. We've got several regular customers who are interested in this series and Jay Reatard's music, and I don't know how to do right by them at this point. I can think of 8 people off the top of my head, but I know there are several more. I'm going to sell these singles and probably a couple copies of single #6 on ebay and use the money I make from these auctions to buy copies of the Jay Reatard "Matador Singles 08" CD and/or LP and GIVE copies to Love Garden's regular customers who have been lured into this collector's nightmare.

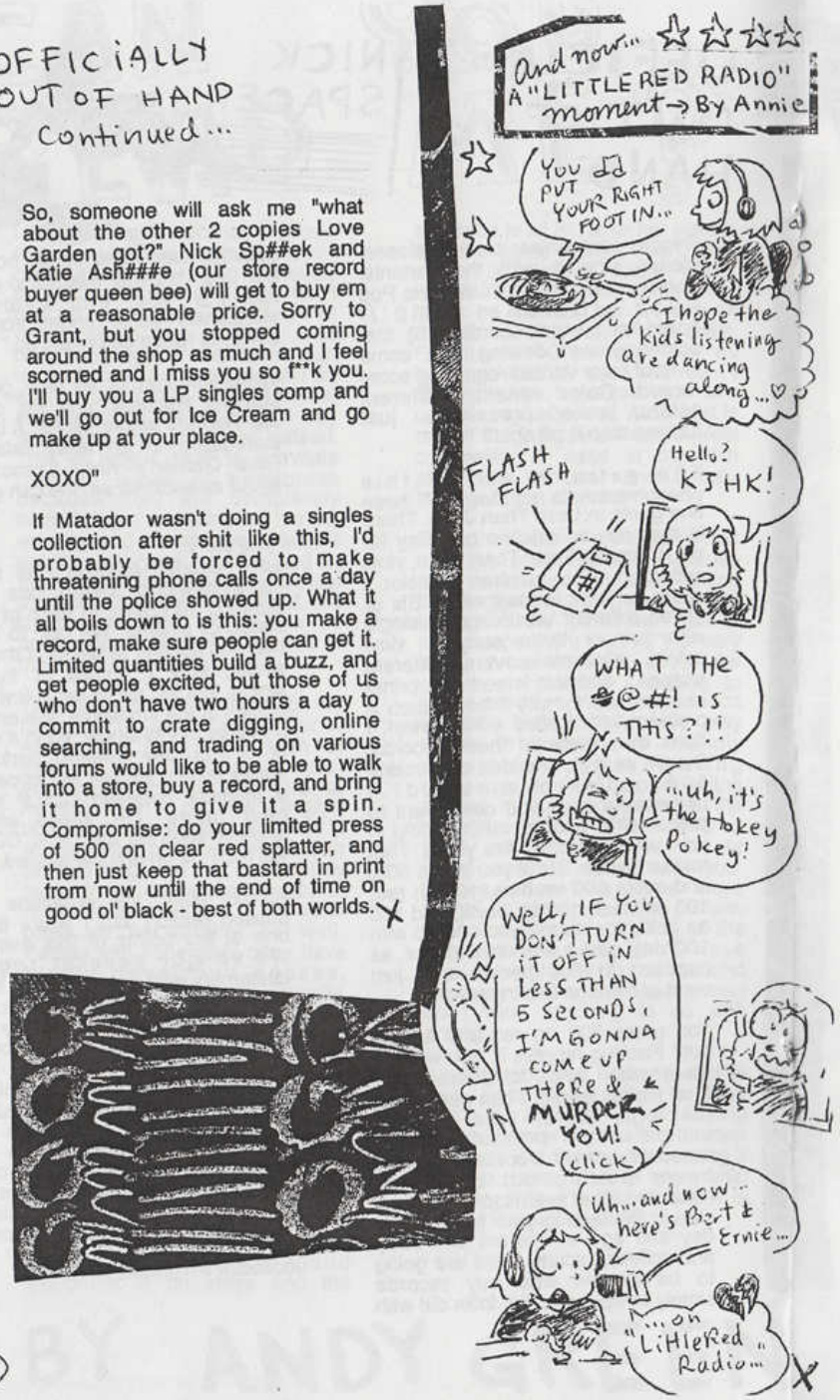
C

OFFICIALLY OUT OF HAND
Continued...

So, someone will ask me "what about the other 2 copies Love Garden got?" Nick Sp##ek and Katie Ash###e (our store record buyer queen bee) will get to buy em at a reasonable price. Sorry to Grant, but you stopped coming around the shop as much and I feel scorned and I miss you so f**k you. I'll buy you a LP singles comp and we'll go out for Ice Cream and go make up at your place.

XOXO"

If Matador wasn't doing a singles collection after shit like this, I'd probably be forced to make threatening phone calls once a day until the police showed up. What it all boils down to is this: you make a record, make sure people can get it. Limited quantities build a buzz, and get people excited, but those of us who don't have two hours a day to commit to crate digging, online searching, and trading on various forums would like to be able to walk into a store, buy a record, and bring it home to give it a spin. Compromise: do your limited press of 500 on clear red splatter, and then just keep that bastard in print from now until the end of time on good ol' black - best of both worlds.


And now... ☆☆☆☆
A "LITTLE RED RADIO" moment → By Annie
You did PUT YOUR RIGHT FOOT IN...
I hope the kids listening are dancing along...♡
FLASH FLASH
Hello? KJHK!
WHAT THE @#! IS THIS?!!
...uh, it's the Hokey Pokey!
WELL, IF YOU DON'T TURN IT OFF IN LESS THAN 5 SECONDS, I'M GONNA COME UP THERE & MURDER YOU! (click)
Uh... and now... here's Bert & Ernie...
...on "LiHleRed" Radio...

Heartaches

by Ian Hrabe

I come back from the bar drunk and all I want to hear is *Heartaches*. It's not really out of loneliness, I'm sure there's a little of that there, but it's the desire to go somewhere old and familiar. I like to tell people, when they ask, that my oldest musical memory is listening to Patsy Cline in my parents car as a kid. There's a certain instinct surrounding that. Like whenever I'm at the bar and Patsy Cline comes on the jukebox, I can immediately identify the song as "I Fall to Pieces," "Crazy," or "She's Got You." Just the timbre of her voice is all it takes. I can pick it up from meters away. It's like whenever you see a TV chef eating lunch in some exotic location and the way he closes his eyes when he's tasting something. Something that reminds him of home, something that takes him back to a much earlier time in his life and he savors it because those times were perfect. The times when you didn't have to worry about anything. When mom cooked you great food, when your parents took you everywhere and you looked forward to summer vacation because all you would ever do was go to the pool, play video games or have sleepovers where you played video games.

Patsy Cline is my perfect woman. I hear her voice and I literally fall to pieces and then make a pun on the name of the song. It's just what happens. I think it's because she completely transcends time. Every song on *Heartaches* relates to my life right now, and Patsy Cline died in a plane crash in 1963. So, in my head since I was five years old I've built up this perfect woman. It's been a long process. She was a handsome woman, I wouldn't say she was pretty, but I think she was gorgeous in the way that any woman that could drink me under the table is gorgeous. The way a woman could go out with the boys and make them look like fools; that's something that appeals to me. There's nothing more attractive to me than a woman who can make me look like an idiot. Who can completely usurp my masculinity and make me feel like an idiot for ever trying to "be a man."

It's her voice too. Something about that voice that commands your complete attention. The way I can't not sit with my eyes closed, bobbing my head softly, whenever I hear that twangy lap-steel intro to "Walkin' After Midnight" in the bar and her voice comes in like benevolent invading forces. After that it's listening to every word she says. "I go out walkin' after midnight, out in the starlight, just hoping you may be somewhere a-walkin' after midnight searching for me." I can't think of a single one of her songs that doesn't capture loneliness in its perfect form. "She's Got You" is one of the saddest songs I've ever heard, but regardless of that I can tell that Patsy's gonna move on. It just kind of sucks at the moment. "I've got the records that we used to share/ And they still sound the same as when you were here/ The only thing different, the only thing new/ I've got the records, she's got you." "I've got your memory, or has it got me?" Even if she didn't write the song, she sings it in such a way that she has lived that. It's the kind of song that pop singers have been trying to replicate for years and have never been able to match.

I used to like to fault my parents for never having a great record collection. The only records that I ever stole from them were a beat up copy of the Beatles' *Revolver* and a beat up copy of the Beach Boys *Endless Summer* compilation. But now I'm realizing that the only record that really mattered was their cassette copy of Patsy Cline's *Heartaches*. The one we'd listen to in the car all the time when we weren't listening to Oldies 95.

They did more for my musical evolution than I ever give them

credit for. My affinity for short songs and indie-pop comes from that. A couple of years ago I learned to embrace that, and realized the profound impact that my parents had on my appreciation of music. I guess I could have had parents that had a bunch of old punk records, but it was much more interesting to find punk on my own, and I think it made me a better person. Today I see thirteen-year-old kids touting Neutral Milk Hotel as their favorite band and I want to yell at them. I want to say, "You never had to work for that! You didn't have to be a confused kid watching MTV! You didn't have to go through Limp Bizkit and Korn and the myriad bands that came out in the late 90s that made 'cool' music." I feel like bad music is important, but it's something you have to find on your own and ultimately it leads to being a more well rounded music kid. I step back and look at the trajectory my music tastes have taken over twenty-two years and after laughing, I plot every point out on a little graph in my head. Where I started is ultimately where I finished, and I only say that because I feel like at 21 I hit my peak. I don't think I'm going to be buying any Phil Collins or Sting records as I get older, and I feel like the music I like now is going to be the music I like forever. I don't think my tastes will get older, and maybe that's a problem for the kids that I will eventually have. Regardless, I'll still make my kids listen to Patsy Cline and oldies because I still think it's the most perfect music ever made. Things change with the times, but the fifties and sixties were it, I think. Anyone who tries to make a perfect pop song is just trying to make something as good as "Walkin' After Midnight," and it's something no one can ever do.

Even though *Heartaches* is only a ten-song compilation of some of Patsy's best songs, and even though it leaves out some really amazing ones, it's still one of my favorite records because it has history. It's like my grandma's fried chicken or something. Better yet, it's like the time my aunt Marie made my grandma's fried chicken for me about seven years after she died and it took me back to being in elementary school when my dad would drive us to Wellsville and Grandma would cook us fried chicken and ask my brother, sister, and I how we were doing in school and the way she would light up when she found out we were all getting good grades. That's the kind of happiness I get from Patsy Cline now. It's that feeling of home that everyone is always chasing after, probably the most overused pursuit in literature, song and film (I'm thinking Citizen Kane, here). But it's overused for a reason, because life seems to be about the pursuit of comfort, and when are you more comfortable than when you are at home. When mom is cooking you food and taking care of you. It's the only place you are completely safe, everything else is a wild card. So when I hear Patsy Cline at the bar I literally fall to pieces and tell everyone around me that I am doing so. I tell them to not talk to me until the song finishes and then I take a deep breath and try to re-involve myself afterwards. I just can't talk during a Patsy Cline song unless I am talking about how much I love Patsy Cline and how important she is to me, but usually I try to stay still and quietly mouth the words to myself. So, if you ever see someone at the bar sitting out back and that person is doing what I just mentioned and Patsy Cline is playing, it's probably me. If you try to talk to me, I'll just tell you to listen, and hopefully you can see the beauty in heartaches. You can listen to the words and you can tell that she means every single one and you know that she is hitting on these absolute truths in life that can rarely ever be properly communicated.

The Inquiry

DANIELLE • KING

"I should be happy with someone new, but my heart aches for you." It's the perfect sadness, but you know it's true and you know everyone's been there. Like most music that lasts, Patsy Cline is universal. It's music that transcends time, decades and generations. She sings songs for the human experience, and that's one of the main reasons I'm going to be listening to and identifying with Patsy Cline until the day that I die because I know I could never be completely happy. No one can, because even if you are happy you can listen to these songs and they will take you back to the times when you felt just like "Crazy," and you can appreciate those times because they have shaped you as a person. I honestly feel that every single person on this planet has to have said, "I'm crazy for loving you" at least once out loud or in their head, in their life to be a real person. Because everyone deals with that shit, and even if you get over it (which you eventually do), you still have that moment where you said that and it's still completely true.

I like to describe summer as a blissful marriage between freedom and hedonism. It's that time when even the uptight unwind a bit and everyone seems to stay out in the sun too long and rage into the night too late. Along with the road trips, swimming pools and humidity, we've all had our soundtracks. So I inquired to members of music staff:

What is your favorite song or album of the summer?

Last spring I think everyone was pretty infatuated with the Juno soundtrack. I think I liked it more than I should - I mean, you know, I'm not like sensitive or whatever - whew. Anyway, normally I search out soul, ska, rocksteady and that kind of stuff. It is really fun to dance to soul tunes, and I really love the sounds of ska, dub, rocksteady etc... not to mention I DJ a lot of parties and such. Only about half a year ago did I get a new jumpstart into indie rock, with the gift of a really great mix tape, but overall my rock collection is something of a blank canvas. The *Juno ST* is full of interesting leads, and one I really went after is The Kinks. They were a group sprouting from The Beatles era that had a mega-hit or two that everyone has heard, plenty of not-so-significant albums and basically one very good one called *We Are the Village Green Preservation Society*. If I had to pick one song that was my favorite song this summer, it was definitely "Do You Remember Walter" from that album. Don't be fooled by their still-cool sounding name, The Kinks had their day a long time ago; but not everyone might realize they hold a place in quality rock history. I never really identified by attitude with punk or indie rock before, so rediscovering this older-yet-amazing album was a revelation into what good rock may be all about.

Five rocks songs I liked this summer:

The Inquiry continued...

1. **The Kinks – Do You Remember Walter**
2. **Daniel Rossen – Too Little Too Late (Jo Jo Cover)**
3. **Yo La Tengo – Stockholm Syndrome**
4. **Grizzly Bear – Graceland (Paul Simon Cover)**
5. **The Botticellis – Flashlight**

-Peter the Hun, ((bounce))

***Coke & Spiriters* by Dream Bitches**
Plain and simple: this is all I listened to all summer. Not really, but in the last three months "Coke & Spiriters" has been my constant soundtrack, racking up ten full plays in my iTunes, on constant repeat on my iPod, and I'm sure I worked my way through the entire album during my show. Girl pop-rockers singing about friendship, guys, being young, and summery antics – perfect.
-Cara McConnell, Rotation, Thursdays 2-4pm

"For Reverend Green" by Animal Collective
It reminds me of the summer as a kid. It is restless, which represents the boredom you felt after spending a month of watching cartoons and swimming, but it also represents the excitement and discovery of youth; when every little thing is an adventure.
-Andy Green, Alternative Flashback

"Two Seats Gold Reserved" by Centro-Matic
At a stretch, this track's relaxed pace, airy guitars, and half-whispered vocals evoke a gentle summer storm, but what makes this my favorite song of the summer is mostly the coincidence that I found it during the summer. The harmonies are gorgeous, and the bridge is intense, surprising and fantastic.
-Taylor Ford, Rotation, Mondays Noon-2pm

Nothing to Be Done" by The Pastels
When this song comes crashing in I only think about long sunny summer days that are never too hot. I think of driving around with the windows down. No matter how bad I feel, this song ALWAYS makes me feel better. It's a song for enjoying all of the good stuff around you and having nothing to do, which is all summer has ever been about.
-Ian Hrabe, Pop Rocks!

"Hello, Five-O" by Hellbound Glory
The album is pretty much an outlaw country knockoff, but this track is priceless. An ode to getting pulled over for a DUI, it's just about the snappiest and snottiest thing to come out in ages. The twang when "Hello, five-o" becomes "fuck you, five-o" is damn near perfect.
-Nick Spacek, Sunglasses After Dark

"The Summer of Our Lives" by Street Legal
Most of this summer I was away on a study abroad, but my friends at home had deemed this past summer "Punk Rock Summer." The local punk band Street Legal also appeared over my absence. I was introduced to Street Legal by my friends while I was away and realized Street Legal had created our anthem. "Summer of Our Lives" yells out that all you need to have a good time in the summer is your friends and perhaps a few beers: "you and me is all we need." This is the perfect punk rock summer song for real. Check out Street Legal if you haven't yet.
www.myspace.com/streetlegality
-Alison Cain, Rotation, 10pm to Midnight

"Birthday Girl" by The Roots.
It's a song that makes you want to smile, and then cringe once you realize what it's about. A lot of guys have been in that situation and it's not pretty. Avoid birthday girls at all costs.
-Danny J. Spence, Hip Hop Hyp

"A Sweet Summer's Night On Hammer Hill" by Jens Lekman
I could listen to it all summer long! It's upbeat and fun. Good qualities for summer music.
-Jill Cavender, Rotation, Fridays 4-6pm

***Past is Prologue* by Tycho**
It's very laid back, minimal and airy. It also has enough subtleties instilled to hold my attention when I want to focus on it or leave it on in the background to serve as ambient noise when I just want to chill in the yard with a beer. It's how I want my summers to be - very relaxed with brief periods of excitement.
-Sean Flynn, Rotation, Thursdays Midnight to 2am

***Meo suo I eyrum vio spilum endalaust* by Sigur Ros**
In the summer, I tend to listen to pounding beats laced with lush melodies. Typically, I default to Animal Collective, but this summer I absorbed Meo suo I eyrum vio spilum endalaust. Sigur Ros has developed such a pop sensibility in this album and each song writhed with such childlike wonder.
-Alex Herron, Folk Yourself

Asking myself the same question, various possibilities ran through my head. Something current like The Hold Steady's "Constructive Summer" or maybe something by Neko Case, who pretty much owns my soul and I can generally finagle a way to talk about her in any musical context... While these are contenders worth mentioning, I am a person who likes a clear cut answer even if it takes me a while to find it. After some mental deliberation, I decided my favorite song of summer is
"A Shot In the Arm" by Wilco.
Wilco came to Lawrence mid-May and just really declared summer's arrival for me. This song was a definite highlight (among others). The repetition of vocal lines that increase in tone pairs perfectly with the scene where you're in your car with the windows down, the breeze and the sunshine are all around you, and you just want to fucking sing and scream. This song also contains one of my favorite lines, "The ashtray says you've been up all night". Simple, evocative imagery. With twinkly, optimistic Mellotron and stringy synths that somehow both melt and swirl, this song is just a small pop masterpiece, from begin to chaotically beautiful end.

S·U·M·M·E·R

Flying Lotus – Los Angeles (Warp)
If you've ever been watching Adult Swim, and you've heard the music they play right before going to commercial, you know what this sounds like: fuzzy, swampy slack-hip-tronica. Fortunately, the fuzziness of Flying Lotus' (né Steven Ellison) previous EP, Reset, has been scaled back for a slightly cleaner sound. Still, off-beat claps and high-hats still make for a satisfyingly messy sound. Flying Lotus' sound is so consistent, in fact, that sameness can be a problem if you're listening straight through. Still, as a collection of singles, Los Angeles is hard to beat. The beats are hot and hazy, and would work equally well in your late-night chill-out set or as an alternate soundtrack to your next Sega Genesis marathon session.
-TF 06/22/08

Eccentric Soul: The Tragar and Note Labels (Numero Group)
Woah! The Numero Group makes a sharp left turn with the latest Eccentric Soul comp. This volume focuses on (get ready) Tragar Records, an extreme metal label based in Trondheim, Norway. The Tragar label signed a number of regional artists, and acquired a sizable roster, but their strength was undoubtedly their impressive stable of symphonic death and power metal bands, including local purveyors Frond and Aquaria, a fantastic power metal band from Brazil. The Note disc picks choice sides from a label based in Laos. Believe it or not, Laos has had a thriving extreme metal scene since the mid-80's. Standout bands from the Note label include Insomniac, Nephilim Core, and Dumang. Most of these tracks are in a foreign language, so feel free to explore if you're unfamiliar with this genre. Go!
RIYL: just kidding it's just more soul
-Taylor Ford

Sigur Ros – Meo suo I eyrum vio spilum endalaust (XL Recordings)
My poor, finite human mind can barely comprehend how good this music is. Of course, that goes for most of what Sigur Ros does, so no big surprise. However, this album is a slight deviance from normal Sigur Ros in that the first 4 tracks have a definite pop-sensibility to them! They're not shapeless or ethereal like every other Sigur Ros song (not that the other songs won't buckle your knees). This means the first four tracks on this album are accessible and playable at all times of day or night! (Track 1 sounds Animal Collective-y, too, which is gaspingly good).

RIYL: a childlike sense of wonder, majestically heralded with trumpets and percussion
Recommended: 4,2,1,3,5 DNPs: none
Reviewed by: Alex Herron

The Final Solution – Brotherman (Numero)
RIYL: Parliment, Commodores, Cameo, Stevie Wonder, Numero and Eccentric Soul comps etc.
Call me sensitive but that's not the most savory name for a band, whether or not it could even remotely have anything to do with anti-Semitism. But nevermind the name of this energetic, funk filled soundtrack that was commissioned for a never-to-be-finished blaxploitation film. Recorded by the as-named vocal group and floating in limbo for a few decades before their completed production, you hear a kind of funk style that hints at the beginnings of disco. Just something to keep in mind if you're used to getting the usual dose of unearthed gritty soul from Numero and the other sundry soul comps. Anyway it's pretty good!
Recommended: 2,10,11,1,3.
DNP: none I know of
Peter Adany 8/24/2008

ILP *FUN FACT! "DNP" means "Do Not Play," due to any foul language or content that would make the →

MUSIC Reviews

Courtesy of KJHK's lovely music staff

Dream Bitches – Coke-and-Spiriters (RIYL Records)
When antifolkers make indie-pop, it's truly a marvelous thing. Five seconds after I put this on I was completely hooked. You've got two girls up front channeling the twee pop simplicity of Cub by way of the wordy antifolk of Kimya Dawson and they're two things that might not seem like they would work on paper, but the results, like a gourmet dish pairing two things you wouldn't expect would go together but they do, are delicious. The songs alternate between these upbeat pop jams and more stripped down acoustic antifolk tunes and the production varies between mid-fi and lo-fi, which for this kind of music is always incredibly important. It's been a long time since I've just randomly thrown a CD in and been this blown away by how good it was and how much it appealed to me. And besides making music that is immediately appealing, they're also incredibly fucking good songwriters. Plus they do a cover of one of my favorite Belle & Sebastian songs, "Me and the Major" and it's a great cover so maybe that's another reason why I'm so endeared to these Dream Bitches, who I am pretty sure are my dream girls because all I can write after this is <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3.
RIYL: Cub, The Breeders, All Girl Summer Fun Band, Jeffrey Lewis
Suggested: 1, 2, 3, 9, 7, 4, 6
DNP: 10
-Ian Hrabe, June 9th, 2008

King Khan and the Shrines – The Supreme Genius of... (Vice)
If I could write a review that just said, "FUCK YEAH!" that is what I would write, but I got in trouble for doing that once. Honestly, do you need anything more than that? If I write "FUCK YEAH!" you get that this album fucking slays. It's a greatest hits collection of a modern band playing absolutely fucking killer psychedelic garage rock tunes that sound like they oughta come from the Nuggets box-set. These jams are dirty, greasy, and provide the perfect soundtrack for your summer. This album sounds like sitting on the porch smoking cigarettes, drinking cheap beer, cooking stuff on a grill, and shooting the shit. I will now complete this review with my emotional reaction to this record: FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH! FUCK YEAH!
Fistpump
RIYL: Nuggets boxset, killer jams, rad stuff, good music
Suggested: 1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 10, 12, 14, 16 (every song on the album is a jam, though)
DNP: None.
-Ian Hrabe, June 30th, 2008

Abe Vigoda – Skeleton (PPM)
So that sprawling concrete wasteland known as Los Angeles is actually putting something out into the world besides smoggy skies and impossible to navigate highway systems (unless you have a Thomas guide, and even then it's impossible). Yes, for the first time since the early 80's when west coast punk was pretty much born, a new scene has come up from those ashes. It all revolves around DIY venue The Smell, and this whole movement is sort of being led by No Age (if only because PPM is Dean Spunt's label). Mika Miko and Abe Vigoda are going to be the next two bands to emerge and blow everybody's minds (even though they are already blowing minds), and this new Abe Vigoda record is so so so cool. In a world where every new music trend is some sort of revival, it's so exciting to find bands that are knocking music on its ass and creating stuff that is actually super original. Wikipedia calls their sound "tropical punk rock" which I think is kind of funny, and while I can kind of see where they get that (it's not completely baseless), this record is really hard to

→ FCC sad/mad at us. *

Summer Music Reviews continued ...

define. And that is a very, very good thing. Get excited.
Suggested: 10, 5, 1, 14, 6, any
DNP: None.
-Ian Hrabe, July 7th, 2008

High Places – 03/07-09/07 (Thrill Jockey)
This is a record that I don't know how to talk about. It's a bunch of stuff that I like, but it's been deconstructed and presented in such a way that I think it's one of the best releases I've heard all year. It's a compilation of 7" and comp tracks, and like No Age's Weirdo Rippers (they are touring with No Age, if that helps), is a great way to get a feel for a band. I'm seriously blown away by this. Singer Mary Pearson has a voice that was built for K Records indie-pop and it's so incredible to hear it floating over weird No Age-y soundscapes and weird synthesized rhythms and noises. Think Young Marble Giants thirty years later. For the rest of this review, just imagine me jumping up and down on my bed with excitement.
RIYL: Bands with scads of positive energy.
Suggested: 2, 5, 1, 9, 10, 6
DNP: None.
-Ian Hrabe, July 7th, 2008

Black Kids – Partie Traumatic (Columbia)
It will be interesting to see if the tidal wave of hype that Black Kids have been riding is going to crash down on them when the album comes out this week. I'm waiting for the all important Pitchfork review, which I am really tempted to predict will be somewhere between 6.2 and 6.8. That is Pitchfork's nature, to give a band so much hype that, by the time they put out a full-length, they will fault them for being overhyped. Or they'll pull the G.W. Bush and stay the course, but seriously, this is a boring fucking record. If ever there was a band that didn't know how to play their cards right, it's Black Kids. Instead of, you know, working their way up they signed to Columbia based on the hype around 4 demos. The demos are decent, maybe even promising based on the strength of the single "I'm Not Gonna Teach Your Boyfriend How to Dance With You," but instead of trying to become a better band, they took every thing they had at face value and signed to the major and now no one will hear this album, no one will give a shit about it, and no one will care in six months because it's just not interesting. Maybe a bunch of ultra-hip 14 year olds will have their parents take them to the mall so they can buy this at Sam Goody, but really Black Kids is a band you say you like if you want to be cool. In reality, no cool person would genuinely like it. Sure, they have their moments of promise, but those moments are ruined by the way they drive an idea into the ground like any other mainstream pop act. On the aforementioned single, if they had cut two minutes off of it instead of repeating the hook, it might be a great song. It's catchy as hell, but it bores the shit out of me. Reggie Youngblood puts on his best Robert Smith impression and they got Bernard Butler from Suede to produce it, and when a band tries so hard to ape a bygone style of music it just sounds pathetic. It's kitsch, and not in any way that is good, and in my head Black Kids are the Thomas Kinkade of indie rock.
RIYL: Cure cover bands
Suggested: 6, 7
DNP: None.
-Ian Hrabe, July 21st, 2008

Hercules and Love Affair - Hercules and Love Affair (DFA 2008)
This record is the best record of the year so far. Period. Because although its been hyped as a great dance record, its really far beyond that. Yes, it takes disco and early Chicago House and gives it a powerful update. And yes, the ass shaking potential of songs such as Blind, and Hercules Theme are greater than anything I've heard in years, but there's so much more going on here. This album is meticulously arranged: Andrew Butler knows exactly when to increase the drum beats, where to have the vocalists (Nomi, and GASP Antony) sing and when to chill it out. Check out "This is my love" and notice how just when the bass and drum pulse starts to get monotonous, it goes down three little notes. Not an earthshaking change, but just enough to keep things interesting. And then there's the lyrics, which are all about love and the power one will go to to keep it, tied in with a mythical theme that's carried over to the artwork. Not since Sound of Silver has a dance album been this deep or powerful. And where that felt schizophrenic, with its grooves tempered by tales or mortality, this one feels purely triumphant, and exciting. Fan-fucking-tastic.
TRAX:5!!!,2!!!,3,4,9,8,10,1,6,7,11
DNP: None, but the recommend tracks are the most powerful.
-Andy Green

Wildbirds & Peacedrums - Heartcore (Leaf Label, Caprice, Found You)
While listening to this album for the first time, I scanned through some other reviews of it. I have found comparisons to Bjork, Joanna Newsom, PJ Harvey and Nina Simone. I was also reminded of Regina Spektor and the way Feist sounded live. Hopefully out of that list you'll feel inspired to give this album a listen.
Wildbirds & Peacedrums is a wife and husband duo from Sweden. Their music is centered around Mariam Wallentin's vocals and Andreas Werlin's percussion. The result is an unconventional mix of pop, folk and bluesy-soul. The album is journey bouncing from up-tempo pop to intense instrumentally minimal, vocally powerful tracks. Some tracks use music box sounds (primary reasons for the Bjork comparisons) and it adds such an eerie feeling to the songs. Werlin joins Wallentin on track 7 and while he doesn't have her set of pipes, it is a highlight on the album. The lyrics on this album are seemingly self-reflective and sound like therapy at times as Wallentin truly just lets loose in soul-baring ferocity. This album is captivating and absolutely gorgeous.
REC: Any!!! But start 5, 1, 7, 4, 2, 10
DNP: None
Danielle King 6/22/08

The Cute Lepers – "Can't Stand Modern Music" (Blackheart Records)
The Cute Lepers features Steve E. Nix and Steve Kicks of the Briefs, and were originally known as Steve E. Nix & the Cute Lepers. After releasing a couple of singles, they shortened the name and signed to Joan Jett's Blackheart Records. Five of the tracks have previously appeared on those earlier singles on Damaged Goods and 1-2-3-4 Go!, and don't appear to have been re-recorded for this record. In other words, it's pretty lo-fi. Still, the nervy pop (or "now wave," as bands like the Cute Lepers, Briefs, Clorox Girls, et al are being dubbed) has an edgy sensibility that hearkens back to the early days of punk rock, when bands like the Ramones took as much from the Shangri-Las and other '60s girl pop groups as they did from Nuggets type acts. The best tracks take a little of that hip-shaking garage and a little of that sing along quality inherent in all those girl-groups, and the very best insert a little Cars-style New Wave. "So Screwed Up" even has a bit of "Just What I Needed" in the intro.
REC: 9,3,1,6,10,2
DNP: None
Nick Spacek 7/7/08

MUSIC CHARTS

1 RATATAT LP3 XL
2 WALKMEN You And Me Gigantic
3 OKKERVIL RIVER The Stand Ins Jagjaguwar
4 VARIOUS ARTISTS Chompilation Tew Chomp Womp
5 FINAL SOLUTION Brotherman Numero Group
6 STEREOLAB Chemical Chords 4AD
7 HUMAN HIGHWAY Moody Motorcycle Suicide Squeeze
8 STIK FIGA Twentyfourseven EP Datura
9 AD ASTRA PER ASPERA Danger Bird Blues [7-Inch] Love Garden
10 MUSIC TAPES For Clouds And Tornadoes Merge
11 ONE FOR THE TEAM Build It Up Militia Group
12 JASON WEBLEY The Cost Of Living Eleven
13 BRAZILIAN GIRLS New York City Verve Forecast
14 HOLD STEADY Stay Positive Vagrant
15 CONOR OBERST Conor Oberst Merge
16 HERCULES AND LOVE AFFAIR Hercules And Love Affair DFA-Mute
17 DEATH SET Worldwide Counter
18 SIGUR ROS Med Sud I Eyrum Vid Spilum Endalaust XL
19 STEREO IMAGE S/T Frog Man Jake
20 FUCKED UP Year Of The Pig [EP] Matador
21 JEFF HANSON Madam Owl Kill Rock Stars
22 GENTLEMAN AUCTION HOUSE Alphabet Graveyard Emergency Umbrella
23 OXFORD COLLAPSE Bits SUB POP
24 DONKEYS Living On The Other Side Dead Oceans
25 KING KHAN AND THE SHRINES The Supreme Genius Of King Khan And The Shrines Vice
26 AVETT BROTHERS The Second Gleam Ramseur
27 NOMO Ghost Rock Ubiquity
28 WHITE FANG Pure Evil Marriage
29 HIGH PLACES 3/07 - 9/07 Thrill Jockey
30 ABE VIGODA Skeleton PostPresent Medium

Every week, our music staff reviews new cd's and votes on the best to go into rotation. The above list shows the CD's our DJ's played the most over the past week.

Beach 'n' Boulevard R·E·C·A·P

HAWK·WEEK·2008

With a little, all right a LOT, of help from Verizon Wireless, KJHK was able to to snag local sensations Baby Birds Don't Drink Milk, The Spooklights and Ad Astra Per Aspera for the annual Hawk Week event Beach 'n' Boulevard. The event took place August 19 on Wescoe Beach. While students learned more about the extensive extracurricular activities at KU, they also got a musical taste of what is happening in Lawrence. A taste for many was their first.

Photo Credit: Nick Spacek. Left: Baby Birds Don't Drink Milk Right: The Spooklights Below: Mike Tuley of Ad Astra Per Aspera

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Are you interested in becoming involved with KJHK or RIYL? Do you have questions or comments? Send them to: kjhkpr@ku.edu

All music submissions may be sent to:
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This zine was produced as part of a limited run, so after you read it, please:

PASS IT ON TO SOMEONE YOU LOVE!

Love, KJHKX